

A merry Dialogue betwixt a married man and his wife
concerning the affaires of this carefull life.

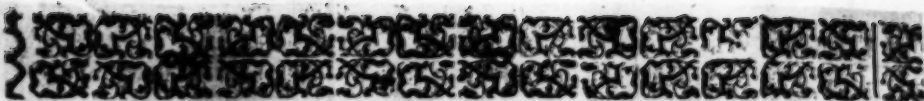
24

To an excellent Tune.



I have for all good wits a Song,
I doe lament the womens wrong.
And I doe pity them with my heart,
to think upon the womens smart,
Their labours great and full of paine,
yet for the same they have small gaine.
In that you say cannot be true,
for men doe take more paines then you,
The toyle, the moyle, the griene and care,
when you sit on a stile or chaire,
yet let us doe all what we can,
your tongues will get the upper hand.
The women in the morning rise,
as soon as day breakes in the skies,
And then to please you with desire,
the first we doe, is, make a fire,
Then other wayes we straight begin,
to sweepe the house, to card, or spin,
Why men doe worke at Plough and Cart,
which some would break a womans hart
They sow, they mow, and reape the coyne,
and many times doe weare the boine,
In praise of wines speake you no more,
for these were lies you told before.

The women here doe beare the blame,
but men would seeme to have the same:
But trust me I will never yeeld,
my tongue's my owne, I thereon build,
Men may not in this case compare,
with women for their toyle and care.
Fie, idle women, how you prate,
tis men that gets you all your state,
You know tis true in what I say,
therefore you must give men the way,
And not presume to grow too wise,
your speeches are not worth a lye.
You men could not tell how to list,
if you of women were bereft,
We wash your cloathes, and dresse your
and all to keepe your minds in quiet, (drest)
Our worke not done at moone nor night,
to pleasure men is our delight.
Women are called a house of care;
they bring poore men into despair;
That man is blest that hath not bin,
inlured by a womans sin,
They'l cause a man if heele give way,
to bring him to his liues decay.



A merry Dialogue betwixt a married man and his wife
concerning the affaires of this carefull life.

24

To an excellent Tune.



I have for all good wits a Song,
I doe lament the womens wrong.
And I doe pity them with my heart,
to thinke vpon the womens smart,
Their labours great and full of paine,
yet for the same they haue small gaine.
In that you say cannot be true,
for men doe take more paines then you,
The toyle, the moyle, the griens and care,
when you sit on a stile or chaire,
yet let vs doe all what we can,
your tongues will get the upper hand.
The women in the morning rise,
as soon as day breakes in the skies,
And then to please you with desire,
the first we doe, is, make a fire,
Then other wayes we straight begin,
to sweepe the house, to card, or spin,
Why men doe worke at Plough and Cart,
which some would break a womans hart
They sow, they mow, and reape the coyne,
and many times doe weare the boine,
In praise of wines speake you no more,
for these were lies you told before.

The women here doe beare the blame,
but men would seeme to haue the same:
But trust me I will neuer yeeld,
my tongue's my owne, I thereon build,
Men may not in this case compare,
with women for their toyle and care.
Fie, idle women, how you prate,
tis men that gets you all your state,
You know tis true in what I say,
therefore you must giue men the way,
And not presume to grow too wise,
your speeches are not worth a lye.
You men could not tell how to list,
if you of women were bereft,
We wash your cloathes, and dresse your
and all to keepe your minds in quiet, (drest)
Our worke not done at moone nor night,
to pleasure men is our delight.
Women are called a house of care;
they bring poore men into despair;
That man is blest that hath not bin,
inlured by a womans sin,
They'l cause a man if heele giue way,
to bring him to his liues decay.

The second part. To the same tune



If we poze women were as bad,
as men report being drunke or mad,
We might compare with many men,
and count our selues as bad as them;
Some oft are drunke and beat their wiues
and make them weary of their liues.

Why women they must rule their tongues,
that brings them to so many wrongs,
Sometimes their husbands to disgrace,
they'l call him knave and rogue to's face,
Say, worse then that, they'l tell him plaine
his will he shall not well obtaine.

The women in childbed take great care,
I hope I like sorrow wil sal to your share
Then would you thinke of womens smart,
and seeme to pity them with your heart
So many things to vs belong,
we oftentimes doe suffer wrong.

Though you in childbed hide some paine,
your Babes reeues your sorow againe,
Your Gossips comes vnto your top,
and sayes, God blesse your little Boy,
They say the child is like the Dad,
wh'n he but little share in't had.

You talke like an Ass you are a Cockholby
He break your head w'a 3 legd stole (scole,
Will you poze Women thus abuse,
our tongues and hands we need to vse.

You say our tongues doe make men fight,
our hands must serue to doe vs right;

Then I to you must giue the way,
and yeild to women in what they say,
All you that are to chuse a wife,
be carefull of it as your life,
You see that women will not yeild,
in any thing to be compeld.

You Maides I speake the like to you,
there's many dangers does ensue:
But howsoeuer fortunes serue,
se that my rules you doe obserue.
If men once haue the vpper hand,
they'l keepe you downe do what you can;

I will not seeme to urge no more,
god witness what I did say before,
Woe for your god, and so it take,
I loue all women for my wines sake.
And I pray you when you are sick and die,
call at my house and take my wife to ye.

Well, come sweet heart, let vs agree:
content sweet wife, so let it be,
Where man and wife doe liue at hate,
the curse of God hangs oze the gate.
But I will loue thee as my life,
as euer man should loue his wife,

FINIS.

Printed for M. T. rundle, Widdow.